

To Lenardo, my love.

By Rodin Rae Bellock, Captain

I sail the Sylph out to the deep sea
where the white capped swells call me
to be alone with this barren, empty ocean
that is always constant in its changing scenery.
I've gathered wares; I've masked myself in finery;
silks, pearls, enchanting dresses
that betrays their beauty with cold caresses
against my skin. I am Captain, and must remain
refined, stoic, to disdain
any emotion that may interfere
with my commitment to the work at hand.

I navigate the Westron Sea, wind at my back, alone
day dreaming of once verdant lands at home
in Sheldon. Poor kingdom! Your warring Guilds and classes,
your governmental ills, your struggling masses
turned a once lush and prosperous realm
into a pirate's galleon with no captain at Her helm.
I see Sheldon, with its Endless Sea, beneath this ocean's
waves that keep the Sylph in constant motion
over sunken lands, lost far below
Her golden prow and oaken hull.
A thousand fathoms, maybe more
down to dark and distance shores
where deep rilled crags and grand
expanses, swirl down to those lost ancient lands.

When the sea is calm, and still as glass
I gaze into the empty depths and vast
continuance of green and blue
to see the face of one I knew

as Lenardo, Sheldon's lost savior.
The Guilds condemned him as a traitor,
to their ancient, ailing ways, and chained him in a cell,
with the clanging of an iron bell
beneath his tower window. He is alone,
like me, the distance between us grown
to where we two are worlds apart
and this distance cleaves my aching heart.
We cannot speak, but I imagine his lovely face,
his sand tossed hair, his wave laced
smile, gazing at me from the depths of blue.
Lenardo, mentor, your lessons saved me at the eleventh hour:
Truth, Love, Duty, Honor.
How I longed to stay when you bid me leave!
And my going was my life's reprieve,
though I cursed my fate.
You swore the sea would not separate
our love. And this parting vow, I cannot forget.
Would that I could save you now from your approaching death.

Lenardo, lover, I am lonely without you when I sail
and the wind, like a wedding veil,
trails the waves behind me to become a shroud
that does not warm one so proud,
as I on lonely nights. My dispassion keeps emotion at bay.
I travel onward but do not stay
long at any port, or bay, or shore
for fear that lingering, I might encounter too many empty faces and none that are yours.
Do not scorn this Captain, that I can no longer weep.
Tears are of little consequence, when waves break forever on tomorrow.
Let this vast ocean be the true measure of my sorrow.